

A 1505/100

# TRIP TO BAR-LE-DUC.

# A POEM.

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*Eripe, Gnate, fugam, finemque impone labori.*

VIRG.

— *Melior vacuâ, sine, regnet in aulâ.*

VIRG.

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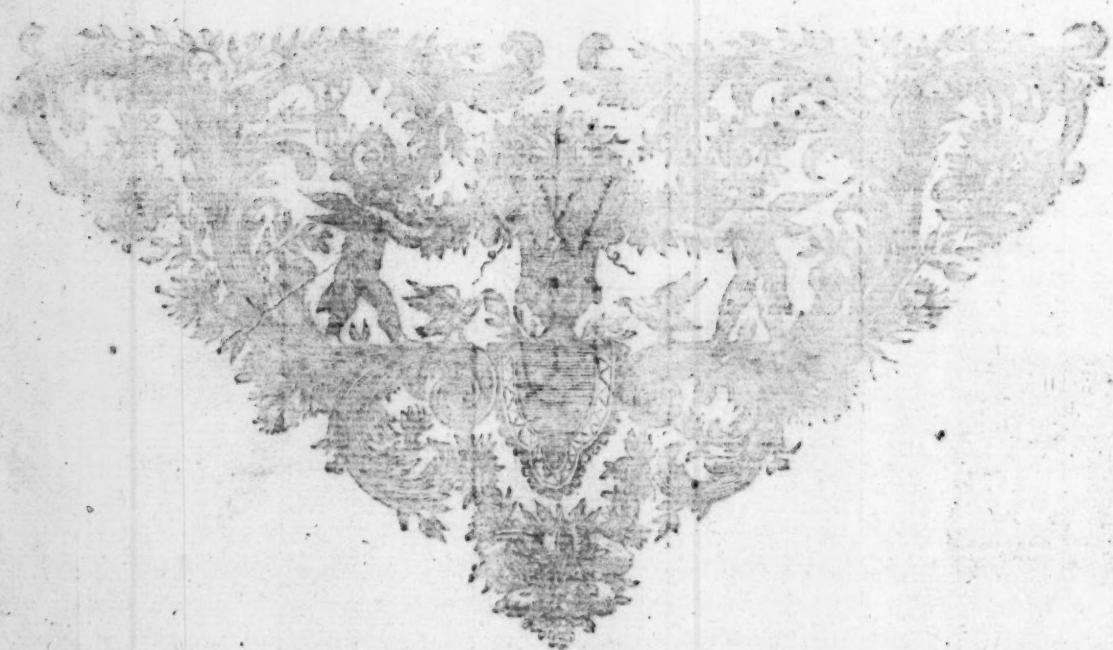


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the Statue. MDCCXV.

A  
ПИЯТ  
от  
БАРЛАДУС.  
МНОД



EDIMBURGH

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To the Honourable,  
**THOMAS BOYD Advocate,**  
 Brother-German to the Right Honourable  
**The Earl of Kilmarnock.**

SIR,

A 1 2

**I**T is not that Half the Blood in my  
 Keins bad its Rise from the Ancient  
 and Noble Stock of Boyds, I pre-  
 sume to send you this Amusement; or even the  
 uncommon Share in a Friendship you have long  
 honoured me with.

A 2

What

## Dedication.

*What engages me is, The Remembrance of our Recreations Abroad, when fatigu'd with our different Studies, we have join'd in an agreeable Relaxation: Then it was my flagging Verse felt the benign Influence of your brighter Muse.*

*Since the Absence of your happier Genius will, I'm afraid, be too visible in this Performance; allow me to inscribe it to you, that our common Friends, if any of them chance to see the Trifle, may look more favourably upon it, and still know that Distance, or different Business, can never make me less,*

SIR,

Your most Devoted

and most Obedient

Servant,

JOHN STEEDY.



## A Trip to Bar-le-Duc.

**A**S Poets in the Days of Yore  
Us'd to mount *Pegasus*, and soar  
To wond'rous Heights, with mighty  
Speed,

Humoring the Fancy of the Steed,  
Coursing the Earth, the Air, the Skies,  
And highest Heav'ns 'mong Deities.

So (tho' quite unaccustom'd) I  
Must one Poetic Journey try :  
And since, like other Bards, of Course  
I must be mounted on a Horse,

2. *A Trip to Bar-le-duc.*

I am resolv'd to ride \* *Almanza*,  
Loyal, and swift as any *Ganza*:  
Fit only for a Monarch's Use,  
Each Vein swell'd with illustrious Juice,  
'Twixt Old *Castile*, and *Saxon* bred;  
A finer Titt was ne'er bestrid.

Come then, sweet *Nag*, and let me take  
This single Jaunt upon thy Back;  
Nor Spur, nor Bridle shall I use,  
To curb, or gall the free-flown Muse.

Now I am fix'd, and on he goes  
(By what Instinct, he's Wise that knows)

As swift as Lightening he flies,  
He's at St. *James's* in a Trice;  
Stops but a Moment, disappointed,  
Not finding there the L--s Anointed.  
Straight way in Anger, mixt with Grief,  
Sweeps down *Thames*-Side to find Relief,  
And striking with his Heels at *Dover*,  
At one fierce Bound he frees it over

To

\* A Horse bred in Scotland, design'd for the Use of the Chevalier de St. George.

# A Trip to Bar-le-duc.

3

To *Calais* Sands, (such was the Leap  
I hardly could the Saddle keep) *in 821*  
Nor stays he, having pass'd the Main,  
Till we are safe at *St. Germain*: *H 100*  
And quickly he surveys the Court,  
Where's Master's Friends wont to resort;  
But seeing thence the Birds were flown,  
He squeel'd for Rage, but streight was gone:  
And finding that (the Pox and Murrain  
Take *England*) he was still at *Lorrain*;  
He strains a-new his sinewy Force,  
And thither wings his rapid Course:  
Where being come, some Time he stood,  
Till having *snoak'd* the *Royal Blood*,  
He rear'd his Crest, and loud did neigh,  
And many a Curvet danc'd for Joy:  
(Who would have thought such Signs the Beast,  
Of lively Gladness, cou'd exprest)  
Then bending low his *Loyal Knee*,  
Confest the *Royal Progeny*.  
And having thus his Homage paid,  
First tow'ring round the Monarch's Head,  
In chearful Volts, began to raise  
Me to the Sky in Royal Praife.

**R**ISE lofty Muse, and in Heroic sing  
 The wond'rous Youth that ought to be  
 our King,

That is our King ; for the supreme Command  
 Is Heaven's Gift, and must unalter'd stand ;  
 And he who do's reject a King when giv'n  
 Resists Divine Decree, and combats Heav'n.  
 As Mortals, tho' the Gods they disobey,  
 Yet can not rob them of their *Deity* ;  
 So Subjects may withhold the Fealty due  
 To their true Prince, and to a Stranger bow ;  
 Yet that can not his juster Claim repeal,  
 He's born a King, his Title ne'er can fail.  
 Thus *James*, tho' abjur'd by each puny Elf,  
 Is King of *Britain* still, *within himself* ;  
 While they poor Caitiffs only shift the Name  
*Subjects*, for *Rebels*, he is *still the same* :  
 And all that's good in Sov'reignty do's find,  
 The *Right*, the *Title*, and the *Lofty Mind* :  
 While he the giddy People do create  
 Is but King *James* his Slave, *this Drudge of State*,  
 Who eases him of all the Care and Pain,  
*O may be ever unmolested reign !*

Show first of all, from whence he sprung my Muse,  
And, if you can, his Parentage produce.

As *Jupiter* descending in a Show'r  
Of Gold, dropt *Perseus* in *Danae's* Tow'r ;  
So those who hold Kings to be from Above  
Know well that our's was streight from mighty *Jove* :  
And still'tis writ, in the Records of Fame,  
In silver Vehicle of Fire he came ;  
The bright Machine was by a Nymph convey'd,  
And *Fitz-dieu* in the Royal Bed was laid :  
The *Queen* (without a Throe her Labour done)  
Do's thank the Gods, and bless her Heav'n-born Son,

Some say our King, by well laid *Bodkin* Plot,  
B'another divine *Dada* was begot.  
(When there's Design to get a King or God,  
Gods, and Religion wond'rous Means will plod,) )  
Whether by him or not, the Matter's one,  
All are agreed he was his *Father's Son* ;  
And most believe that from a King he came,  
Complete as was the \* Number of his Name.

C

And

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\* Seven is counted a perfect Number.

## 6 A Trip to Bar-le-duc.

And if from Thee, Great *James*, the Youth did spring,  
From Thee he does all his Perfections bring :  
Such was the pious Sire's exalted Merit,  
His genuin Son could never fail t'inherit  
His Father's Fate, and his religious Spirit. }

Begin, my Muse, and from his Cradle trace,  
Thro' his first Steps, the Royal Babe of Grace :  
Behold him while he yet was on the Teat,  
In pious Travels on his Father wait ;  
Think then what *Britain* to the Child does owe,  
So careful of its Peace and Treasure too :  
His Subjects Lives to save, and quench the Fire  
Of Civil Rage, he kindly did retire.  
To save the Public Charge, he lives Abroad,  
And learns each foreign Law, and foreign God.  
There stays he, without National Expence,  
Till he arrives at Virtue, Age, and Sense.  
Of all the Time, there never past a Day  
That did not fit him more for sov'reign Sway :  
Virtue his Mind, his Body Exercise  
Adorn'd, and all he learn'd except their Vice.  
He seem'd provided ev'ry Way to bring  
To us our Merit from the Heav'nly King.

Thus

## *A Trip to Bar-le-duc.*

7

Thus finish'd in all Points, and in his Prime,  
His People now he minds, and thinks it Time  
On *Britain* to bestow the massy Store  
He had laid up thro' Twenty Years before.  
  
At last he moves, to free them from the Thrall  
Of common Subjects, and to show them all  
The *King-craft*, and *Religion* of the *Gaul*:  
To take upon him the Affairs of State,  
And ease Great *ANNA*, sunk beneath the Weight;  
For all the various Turns of Peace, or War,  
And each important Exigence prepare,  
As fits a King, without his Subjects Care:  
To answer all the different Events,  
Without the tedious Form of Parliaments:  
To rule so like a Monarch, that his Sway  
Should teach but this one Lesson, *to Obey*.

But here, my Muse a lovely Scene displays;  
O! may I sing it in becoming Lays;  
Could I work up the Piece with Colours quaint,  
And all the Glories of the Voyage paint,  
I'd sing the Worthies who with him resort  
Not to direct his Reign, but grace his Court:

And next describe the Royal Fleet, each Sail  
Swoln with the Bliss of a propitious Gale ;  
*Save him ye Winds, save from the fatal Coast*  
*Where, of his Race, so many have been lost.*  
Proud of the mighty Trust, his Subject Sea  
Should round his Bark in smiling Circles play.  
Then on the Banks of his own native *Forth*,  
And long the Coasts of *Albion's* frozen North,  
I'd view the King surveying all the Land,  
And show the Father of his Country stand  
In kind Suspence, whether he should exert  
Some wholsome Rigour, and his Right assert ;  
Mercy and Justice long shou'd strive, at last  
Mercy from Justice shou'd the Thunder wrest :  
T' avert th' Effusion of the *British* Blood  
Mercy and *James* command *all sail to croud* ;  
Nor did he, tho' the Rebels him bely,  
To save his *Bacon*, but his *Subjects* fly,  
A glorious Conquest o'er himself he makes,  
And his high Mind, with Ease, ThreeCrowns forsakes,  
While other paultry Monarchs Hearts would break  
To lose a Game where so much was at Stake.  
To *Dunkirk* streight he cuts his liquid Way ;  
Great *Lewis* welcomes him in Tears of Joy.

And

And now he's safe, *O may he ne'er again*  
*Expose his sacred Person to the Main!*  
By all the *Gallic* Court he is caref's'd,  
And in his Mother's fond Embraces bless'd.

Yet but one Winter cou'd he taste the Joy,  
A nobler Heat do's warm the Royal Boy;  
He hear'd the Trumpet's Clangor from afar,  
And ratling Drum, with all the Din of War  
That Heroes do's with the brave Rage inspire,  
His youthful Blood boils with the noble Fire.  
The soft and lushious Court no more can please,  
His lofty Mind scorns the ignoble Ease ;  
He fiercely long'd to rein the neighing Steed,  
And in hot Battle prove advent'rous Deed ;  
To exercise himself in hardy Arms,  
And rush with glorious Speed to War's Alarms ;  
To win fresh Lawrels in the dusty Field,  
And there, at once, the Sword, and Scepter weild.

To *Mons*, with eager Steps, he hastes away,  
And waits impatient the fatal Day :  
At last the great decisive Hour does come  
When the shril Trumpet's Voice, and rousing Drum,

D

And

And Cannon's Thunder give th' Alarm, he quakes,

*The Greatness of his Soul his Body shakes:*

Superior Courage glow'd within his Breast,

In all his Actions stood the King confess'd.

Fierce as a Storm, he plunges thro' the War

Where throngest Death, and wild Destruction are.

*Shield him St. George! O let no impious Arm*

*Touch G--s Anointed, save thy Knight from Harm!*

The Gallic Chiefs charm'd and amazed stood,

To see the Hero's Valour in the Wood,

Where e'er he goes, he scatters human Fate,

And certain Death on ev'ry Look do's wait;

For no Plebeian there his Sword did feel,

Nor Blood ignoble stain'd the Royal Steel,

That, for the BRUNSWICK-Youth he kept prepar'd,

Whom coward Fates in Clouds of Smoke did guard,

Far from its deadly Reach, at Oudenard.

All round him ly whole Squadrons of the Slain,

Before him fall the German, Dutch, and Dane.

Ye Gods forbid the Hurricane to last,

And interpose to stop the furious Waste;

'Tis done, for streight the British Troops advance

To save th' Allies, and change the Fate of France;

## *A Trip to Bar-le-duc.*

11

The *British* Troops quench the stern Hero's Fire,  
He can not see his Sons and keep his Ire ;  
But conquer'd still by a more generous Flame,  
Reluctant from the bloody Field he came.

At last, admitting kindly Thoughts of Grace,  
He by his *Sister's* Means gives *Europe* Peace ;  
And for the Ease of all the ambient States,  
In his great Goodness to *Lorain* retreats,  
Where calm, and undisturbed, he might find  
The tranquil Blessings of a peaceful Mind.

There may the circling Hours around his Head  
Divine-like Ease, and sweetest Influence shed.  
Let each Return of the revolving Day  
Crown him with fresh Delights, and see him gay ;  
While *Bacchus*, *Morpheus* and fair *Venus* join  
To blis his Nights with Sleep, and Love, and Wine.  
May no new Hopes, or Fears his Peace molest,  
But may he ever there securely rest.  
*While these deserted Isles in ev'ry Thing,*  
*Find Curses like the Loss of such a King,*  
*And their lov'd Liberty and Property afford*  
*No greater Blessings, than their present Lord.*

*F I N I S.*

The same Trip tooks duencop the fiftieth day of Dec  
He com out leee his Sons and keepe his Tre  
But conduerd fiffy a mowe gencione Hame  
Religions how the people held his cause.

At laste shaminge jounely Jonches of Gisac  
He by his selfe Mene gives him selfe  
And tolde the Duke of all the suppreste States  
In his directe Goodeys to Leman lette  
Whiche eslye vngnypc, he mighte fyne  
The truely Belifing of a deasly Munt.

The may the circuill of Hame stonyd his Head  
Divine-like Hage, and certeyne Iunynce aped.  
To each Remm of the leavynge Day  
Crown him with fresh Delights, and leee him gay  
Whiles Banquyn, Molyntaynd first Newtoun  
To pple his Highe with Sceec, and lace, and Wine  
May on New Hopes, or Foste his Peace woleff.  
But may he eare chose lecomely licy.

Whiche delecty Jhesus in corall bring  
Lond Churche like this Towne of Kinsay

They thair so, itipetly and Propertly affay  
Wher better Belifing, than this blynt Tord.

